



Everything



BY AL FAIRBROTHER

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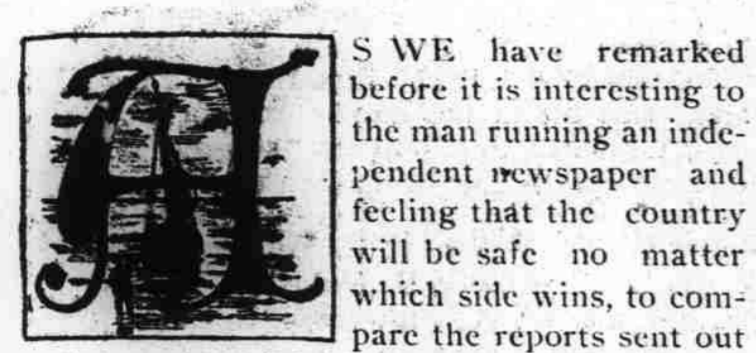
SATURDAY OCTOBER 28, 1916.

ON SALE AT THE NEWS STANDS AND ON TRAINS

ESTABLISHED MAY, 1902.

ILLINOIS WOMEN

Keep Men Guessing How They Will Vote



WE have remarked before it is interesting to the man running an independent newspaper and feeling that the country will be safe no matter which side wins, to compare the reports sent out by the organs of the opposing political forces. While all the newspapers down this way assure us that the vote of the Illinois women is going by a large majority for Wilson, the Chicago Tribune, republican, tells a different story. "William J. Bryan, when he starts out in his special train Thursday to campaign Illinois for Wilson," it says, "will be trailed by a squad of women speakers representing the Woman's party. For every argument Mr. Bryan will make in behalf of the Democratic party and the president the women will have counter arguments they propose to make at street meetings outside the halls where the Nebraskan is speaking.

This announcement was made last night from the Woman's party headquarters by Mrs. J. A. H. Hopkins of Morrisville, N. J., who came to Chicago to take charge of the speakers bureau.

Republican managers looking after the woman's vote in Illinois have received cheering reports of the progress of the organization work downstate, according to the Tribune.

Practically all downstate counties now have direct representatives of the national and state committees working in them, and the general plan of building up a woman's election day committee in each voting precinct has been followed with an unexpected degree of success, Republican leaders say.

"There is no question now about the women's vote in Illinois," State Chairman Fred E. Sterling said. "It is a perfectly safe prediction, judging from reports we received, that 60 per cent of the woman's vote will be for Hughes. In some counties where careful precinct polls of the women have been made the Hughes percentage will be as high as 75. The net Hughes majority in Illinois will be in excess of 200,000, and is going higher every day."

All Foolishness.

The attempt to shorten the Ten Commandments is all fol de rol. They are none too long, and if they are the Word of God they should remain. If they are man made there is no use to confuse. True there may be verbiage useless—but they are already short enough. All men who read understand what they mean. But few men obey them. Perhaps there was never so much law put in so many words. Those ten commandments are law enough to hold every man on the track. The trouble is that we know the law; we understand it—but we do not heed or observe.

There are other things more pressing just now in our social economy than the changing of the Ten Commandments. But in order, perhaps, to get up an interest, these new fangled ideas are always proposed in church meetings and political meetings. It was in a political meeting that that divine Trinity—the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall was born.

It Will Come.

The officers of the Jefferson Standard Life Insurance Company are not talking. Indeed it would not be wise. But so sure as a gun is fired this exceptionally successful Life Insurance Company is some day going to erect in this town an office building that will be not only its pride and glory, but the pride and glory of every man who has watched life insurance in Greensboro.

The Court House site is the one thing on which several ambitious ones have their eye—a site right in the heart of Greensboro, and just as soon as our county commissioners can get together, there will be offered to the public a piece of property that could be adorned with profit a twelve or fifteen story office building. Somehow this paper has a hunch that it will fall to the lot of the Jefferson Standard to secure this valuable lot—and we hope to see erected there a building high enough to proclaim the success which the Jefferson Standard has achieved.

Thirty Third Anniversary.

The Asheville Citizen celebrated Sunday its thirty-third anniversary. The Citizen now has a circulation of some ten thousand, is still growing and is a strong, conservative, progressive newspaper. Here is wishing it longer life and continued success.

And the man who is betting two to one is merely gambling. He has no inside information.

EDIT DANIELS

Unwarranted Attack on Secretary of the Navy



THOROUGHLY versatile fellow, named Arthur Sears Henning, is attempting through the republican press to discredit Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy. He is trying to make it appear that our navy isn't what it should be—and perhaps he is because he has many figures.

But seriously, does the navy make much difference? If we recall the facts in the case, and we think we do, the United States had gone along for a hundred years and more and never had any navy. It was Grover Cleveland who first insisted that we build a navy. And he started. Before Cleveland's time we had a few old tubs called battle ships, but they couldn't mark the board. Cleveland got busy and we commenced to build some war ships that looked like they were not toys.

Mr. Daniels is not to blame if we haven't the greatest navy in the world. He has been Secretary of the Navy less than four years—and for many years the republicans were in power. Why didn't they build a navy and turn it over to Wilson? Or, are we to assume that each administration must build a new navy? Does a navy wear out and become obsolete in four years and less?

Are we to understand from this bright publicity agent who is now attempting to discredit his country because he wants to strike the administration, that Wilson should have builded a navy equal to any in the world and do it all in less than four years, while the republicans in power for a long time didn't build any navy?

This is worth thinking about—a fair and honest presentation of a fact—with no desire to boost any official, but merely the natural comment as we pass along.

Thinks It The Stuph.

One of the best known democrats in Greensboro, a veteran who for fifty years has talked democracy; who is fair and impartial and capable of judging, came to this office to tell us that his opinion was that The Record, in this campaign, so far, had "toted impartially." "It has been fair," he said, and "I further want to congratulate you on the wonderful improvement you have made in our evening paper. I think the editorial page is fine—I think it honest," said this reader and citizen, "and I came down to tell you. What is the use to wait until one dies and then send the flowers?" he asked.

And while we with-hold his name, he would permit us to print it, but because the name stands for so much we felt indeed, that a fragrant bouquet had been handed us, and we publicly doff our beaver to our friend.

Within His Rights.

The republicans are having considerable to say about Mr. R. J. Reynolds coming across with ten thousand dollars for the Wilson campaign fund. Looks to us that Mr. Reynolds was easily within his rights. Ten thousand dollars to Mr. Reynolds is not a very great sum. He is a multimillionaire and is making all kinds of money in a legitimate trade. He thinks Wilson should be elected and naturally he wants to pay his part. He sees other people giving dollars and hundreds of dollars and he goes down and puts up ten thousand dollars. A goodly sum of money—but it need not suggest anything that is not within the proprieties. Everybody knows that "Dick" Reynolds doesn't want any office; everybody knows he is not a politician—just a busy business man who understands that it takes money to run a campaign. And he shelled out. That was all.

Might Call Us.

The weather man may call us before we go to press, but this weather which all mankind is enjoying should be given not only the glad hand, but the fact that such weather is on should be recorded. Just enough tinge in the air to make things right—just enough ozone to cause us all to feel like a two year old. Go east or in any other direction and tarry as long as you feel like tarrying and come back to this Piedmont section and you will declare, under oath, that it is indeed, the most glorious climate you ever lived in. It cannot be beaten, and that is the short of it and the long of it.

The great fleet of submarines which was just about to take position off some New England coast never materialized, and those who took the shock and survived perhaps feel better.

And again Stripling has dropped from the public prints. His was not a long story.

Of course the Just Freight Rate people who used to operate in North Carolina are still living—but we fear they have failed to make their last annual report.

HE IS ALWAYS THERE



THE LATEST thing on is a state-wide campaign by the Shriners to erect on the grounds of the Eastern Star home, just out of Greensboro, a \$20,000 building by members of the order. Mr. Caesar Cone, prominent in Masonic circles and always liberal and whole-hearted, makes the proposition that if \$5,000 of the desired amount is raised in the next thirty days, his own check for \$5,000 will be forthcoming. In this way he puts the boys on their mettle, and it is up to the Shriners.

Fourteen days until the general election. In the mean time the spell binder will do his best. From mountain to the sea—on plain and elsewhere and especially the corner grocery store the fires will burn doubly bright and after the night of November seventh all will be serene again.

Passes Understanding.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in England gave out the statement the other day that England was spending ten million dollars a day in the prosecution of the war. And to do it it must pay six per cent on the new treasury bonds. Ten million dollars a day—a sum that staggers the imagination when you figure that it must run into the years. And the people who will live after peace is declared must pay the freight. Millions who could have helped pay it will leave their bones bleaching elsewhere, and the hand full of men, comparatively speaking, will be called upon to pay this wonderful, this incomprehensible sum. And no man has yet been able to tell exactly why the war is on.

Hard for the folk down here to realize that as far west as Illinois, snow is falling—that Winter is on. Of course we are going to get our share—but happily our share is limited to about three months.

The Big Edition.

The Asheville Times which concluded to put out a morning edition for Sunday comes to us with over fifty pages for its initial issue. And those fifty pages are loaded with advertisements—the glad hand of the commercial interests of the mountain city. The Times seems to be going some.

After the election the Pig Club will perhaps be given more consideration. The pig club is a better investment than the political club. But you couldn't drive this idea into the head of a politician with a maul.

As we rise in our pulpit to remark each Saturday: Tomorrow is Sunday. Look over the church directory and try to spend an hour in divine worship. You will feel better if you do.

A Shake Up.

The South was pretty generally shaken by an earthquake—a wide spreading tremor, and strange as it may seem no material damage was done. A few chimneys fell, a few walls were cracked and the populace ever ready to take to the woods was a bit frightened, but otherwise all was serene. This shows that the South with its culture can pull an earthquake to the Queen's taste.

Getting By.

The time is getting hurriedly by and November 7th is coming on before we know it. It is on that day the North American people vote, and the question is: Will they vote as the managers of the straw campaign have indicated? We say not. There is a silent vote in this country, and especially this year with the women voting in eleven states that will absolutely demand a count before we get a line on the situation. We are making assurance doubly sure and are promising no real returns until the morning or the evening of November 8. Then we have a half notion, at this writing, we can give our readers some real information.

Saturday is a mystic day—the day when the Ghost is Made to Walk.

AND GOVERNOR NEXT

O. Max Gardner Already In Race For 1920



HERE is something funny about the cards in politics. Max Gardner wanted to run for Lieutenant Governor. Some people wondered why. He is a bright young man—a lawyer of undoubted ability. And he secured the nomination—an empty honor as conventions consider it, and just about when he was coming along he "happened to an accident"—was wound up in the thirty-seven wreck at Salisbury. Uncomplainingly he went to the hospital and after weary weeks of pain he was himself again.

And just now he is out among the boys. Raleigh gave him a demonstration—he is making speeches that count. And along with it all, not any suggestion of his, is the proposition, that, in 1920 he is to be North Carolina's governor.

He hasn't filed a claim. He has simply gone ahead and the populace, as they did in the old days in Athens, have proclaimed him the leader—and we take it at this distance, and with our lights, that Max Gardner will be the next Governor of North Carolina, after Mr. Bickett has finished his chore.

Had a thousand men met and formed a syndicate and attempted to name a Governor or a man who would be a possible successful candidate, they would all have gone wide of the mark. But Max Gardner has simply baled his hay as it were, and perhaps cast no anchor windward, but today he is the accepted candidate for Governor of North Carolina in nineteen hundred and twenty—and perhaps there is no way to checkmate him.

We hear it in the papers that Cameron Morrison, of Charlotte, looks longingly toward Raleigh; we hear it in the air that several men might feel that they were the chosen, but looming up, big, invincible, unless he makes some serious mistake, is Max Gardner who will wear what we think is an empty honor for four years.

Funny how the thing comes around. Funny how man proposes an God disposes. Strange that there is a divinity that shapes our ends—rough hew them as we may—but it does seem that beyond the power of man things shape as they perhaps should shape.

Who would have thought, when Attorney General Bickett, a small lawyer, because of environment, yet a small lawyer still, came on the platform in Charlotte, in that memorable Ashley Horne campaign and seconded his nomination, that he today would be leading the ticket in North Carolina. Bickett never dreamed it. It was too big a thing for him to even nurse. But it happened. And he will be the next Governor of North Carolina. And when Max Gardner, chaperoned in this town by Colonel Tom Beall announced himself as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor, we printed his picture and insisted that he was running for Attorney General. Perhaps Gardner had looked further down the pike than we had taken an observation.

The ice man will pretty soon be writing his last will and testament for this season. But inasmuch as he will make the coal man his executor, we do not see how the General Public is to profit by the demise.

Got Twenty Years.

The little Bryson girl, Flossie, was found guilty of killing her mother and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary. She is but fifteen years of age, and will doubtless be pardoned and sent somewhere to be cared for. The murder was committed, no doubt of that. But unless she is deranged no fifteen year old girl or boy will plan a deliberate murder. Somewhere there was a master mind to plan and the one who furnished the intelligence for the enterprise should be dealt with. The Bryson girl was not a murderer.

Maude Adams.

Maude Adams has a reputation of being a good actress and when she came to town the opera house was packed. The Little Minister was a clean show and known to be a clean show. And that she packed the theatre Saturday night, to say nothing of the matinee showed that our people do not need the ultra on the stage to bring them out. The legitimate drama is appreciated and patronized.

Our Civilization.

Funny thing, if a nigger shoots a game of craps he is arrested for gambling. All he is doing is betting on his luck or skill. The man who wants to bet a thousand dollars on the general result in the election is advertised over the country and nothing is done, although in most states, perhaps all, he is violating a law.

With the heavy snows on at the North the officials have been very considerate in not reporting the sun strokes at the South.

AFTER MR. BAKER

Must Explain What He Meant Says G. A. R.



WHAT THE G. A. R. is up in arms over the recent utterances of Secretary of War Baker, in which his alleged comparison of the soldiers of the American revolution with the followers of Villa and Carranza were interpreted as a reflection upon the men to whom the first families in the land are proud to trace their ancestry, is matter of small wonder to those who take detached sentences and isolated statements without the parenthetical explanations upon which he based his assertions.

Those who have sat under the spell of his eloquent oratory and felt the firm handclasp of the genial war secretary, will have to be shown before doubting his genuine Americanism or his loyalty to the bold and intrepid spirits who won for him American independence. That all do not take this charitable view, however, and that his indiscretion—if he really said what is attributed to him—is being used as political capital against the Wilson administration, is evidenced by the following story coming out of Washington:

"The Grand Army of the Republic probably will take up the demand made by eleven national patriotic societies of women with headquarters in Washington that Secretary of War Baker resign as a result of his recent utterances regarding the Revolutionary soldiers in which he compared them with Mexican bandits.

"Col. John McElroy of Washington, one of the best known Grand Army officials and publisher of the official organ of the organization, said that there is not the slightest doubt that the Grand Army will take up Secretary Baker's insult to American soldiers.

"Some posts have already taken it up," he said. "We have received letters and resolutions telling of action taken in Brooklyn and West Virginia, and we understand that similar action has been taken elsewhere.

"It is an outrage," said Col. McElroy, "to say that the soldiers of the north or of the south during the civil war were bandits, thieves, despoilers of churches and of women.

"The men who made up the armies of the north and south are the men who have made this country. Would the secretary of war say that the men of the national guard the president has sent to the Mexican border are ragamuffins, thieves, despoilers of women, drivers out of ministers, and destroyers of homes and churches? Would the secretary of war dare to say that the men on duty on the border today fulfill that description?"

"Of course he wouldn't. And the same sort of men followed Grant and Lee. I speak as vehemently for the soldiers of the south as I do for the north.

It Grows Less.

The exchange list of The Record grows less these days. Some papers insist they want to put up to foreign advertisers a proposition that they have no exchanges, and therefore have suggested that we exchange checks instead of newspapers. But that doesn't go in this shop. One by one we cut them off—and naturally day after day we mourn. To know that we will not see erstwhile familiar newspaper faces in this office gives us pain—but we are going to try, as best we may to get along. It will take faith and courage and fortitude. It will take, perhaps, fasting and prayer, but we are going to try to get through. In this sad hour we call on all sympathetic friends to speak kindly to us; to walk in gum shoes and whisper as they pass us. To know that four or five bloomin' exchanges have been cut from the list is a sad job. If our slats had not been extra riveted, no doubt but what they would have been jarred.

Without A Paramount.

As it is now but a short time until election it must be put down as a matter of history that we have pulled one National campaign without a Paramount. True there has been the peace talk; the Preparedness talk; the tariff talk; the Mexican Situation talk—and all sorts of talks—but nothing Paramount. And a show without an elephant isn't interesting and it follows that an election without a Paramount doesn't get up the kind of steam that causes some folk to "bust the biler."

They tell us that the big school of Cero down Morehead City way met and resolved that inasmuch as Earl Godbey and Captain J. W. Fry were coming into their "midst" that they would take for deep water. And it was well.